

New York Tribune

Not to Last—The Truth—News—Editorial—Advertisements—The Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

SUNDAY, JULY 8, 1917

Printed and published daily by The Tribune Association, a New York corporation, capital paid up, \$1,000,000. Officers: President, Richard H. White, Secretary, F. A. Jones, Treasurer, William H. White, Editor, Walter Dill Scott, Managing Editor, Walter Dill Scott, Business Manager, William H. White, New York, N. Y., Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

Subscription Rates: By Mail, Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

Foreign Rates: By Mail, Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

Advertising Rates: By Mail, Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

Entered at the Postoffice at New York as Second Class Mail Matter.

Postpaid at New York, N. Y., and at other cities where delivery is made by special carrier.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

For more information, apply to the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

vinced that what was sought is impossible to-day. The tiger which has been barked at its prey will return. There will be no peace until that tiger is killed. The German idea is borrowed from the wild beast; it must be treated as one treats the wild beast.

This world cannot exist half German and half civilized. There can be no permanent peace in this world while one great nation professes the doctrine which Germany has professed and still professes. As long as one nation believes that it has the right, if it has the power, to mark its colors in blood over provinces and cities beyond its frontiers; as long as a nation believes that it has a mission to impose its will as far as its sword can reach and its artillery carry, only the blind can see hope of peace and only the foolish will talk of compromise.

We are coming to the end of the third year of the war. We have been already saved from the worst of the German peril; we shall not be enslaved; we shall not be conquered; we shall not be Germanized. But there remains the work to be done for our children; there remains to be completed the task which has been undertaken—that what has threatened us may not threaten them. All that was sweet and beautiful and happy in the life of this generation of mankind has gone out on the battlefields. The youth of France, of England, of Italy, of Russia, lies buried on the soil of the frontiers or along the marches of the lands that Germany sought to subjugate. We shall not in our time, however soon peace comes now, see the scars disappear or see return the world we lived in and believed in three years ago.

This thing Germany has done to us and to the world. It is time to have done forever with this German thing. There can be no peace while those who control Germany remain faithful to that purpose and those principles which have transformed Europe into a charnel house; which have brought ruin to the oldest monuments of our civilization and destruction to the fairest fields of our earth, which have sought to repeal all that has been gained in sweetness and light since the Dark Ages. We must go forward to the end, and we must perceive that there can be no end short of victory and complete destruction of this German idea.

We have sent to France the advance guard of our manhood, as we shall send hereafter the divisions and armies of our youth. In doing this we have proven that the America of old lives. We have answered "Present" at the roll call of the nations that love liberty and serve justice. We have not broken new ground; we have returned to the trenches our fathers and our forefathers held against those who sought to enslave them. Our work is beginning. There was never a more glorious morning in our history than that which saw our flag in France. But it was the morning of a long day, and it is for all of us now to remember that the America which came to us as an ideal must be transmitted to our children, that it may be for them what it was and is again for us, and that there may be no fresh German onslaught and no new attack of scientific barbarism on a world civilized and unarmed.

Discipline vs. What? It's a queer American who is not getting a little discipline, of one kind or another, out of the war. Either because he enlists and puts himself under somebody's direct control, or because we take charge ourselves and save and manage and spend on a stricter basis than ever before, we are all being trained and ordered and regulated. It will be a new and disciplined America, in some degree at least, that will emerge from these years of trial.

Yet we own to a weakness for American free-and-easiness, and we hope that the war will leave us a long way short of the old British strictness of manners and customs, for example. Incidentally, that British rigidity is losing out in the war, according to the observers, and a new freedom of mind and action has been gained by the workmen and clerks of England who have faced fate in the trenches. The war is apparently loosening bonds there, precisely as it is creating a new sense of orderliness and obligation here.

What we have in mind as worth preserving here is probably the very quality which the war is teaching to Englishmen—a certain regardlessness for custom and tradition when they hamper worth-while individuality. Imagination, personality, adaptability—we like to think that these are all American qualities, and we feel sure that, such as they are, they are too ingrained for any years of military discipline to destroy.

Perhaps the comradeship of the Western front will help all hands to a better mean of living. We have much to learn from the French and from the British. There are some points in which we probably excel. A million Americans in France will count for much there and later here. The campaign by the Allies offers the first opportunity in centuries for a community, get-together enterprise of the nations. What the world's fairs attempted in a stiff, petty, institutional way, the Great War is doing in a vast, fluid, living mingling of flesh and blood and ideas. It has unquestionably already done more for a genuine internationalism of spirit in three

short years than all the decades of socialism and pacifism ever did before.

May we learn enough of discipline from all this experience and from the example of our allies; and, yet, may we remain American!

Poetry, East and West

We may be doing our readers an injustice, but we hazard the guess that next to none of them know that the best magazine of poetry in the English language is not published in London (where dwells Mr. Maschfeld), nor in Dublin (where every Sinn Féiner is a poet), nor yet in New York, but in Chicago, Illinois—loop, levee, skyscrapers and all. It is called "Poetry" (by honest right) and is edited by Miss Harriet Monroe. It is not quite a business proposition, five years old that it is; nor yet is it a high-brow, charity affair. People that know and love poetry the world over subscribe and chip in as they can.

Those of our readers who read and like our Sunday column of verse will have already seen just how high is the mark of "Poetry." To point our tale we are printing this week a column taken all from one issue, its July number. And to give an added notion of the open American mind and sense of its editor in chief, we here quote from a casual review by her in the same number. She is writing of a poet who may as well be nameless, for he is not the point, and she says:

This book has been so much praised by highly respected reviewers that I have taken it up a number of times with a firm resolve to read it. But each time I have failed. Only the heroic purpose of writing about it enables me to read it, because it is full of everything that I most dislike and resent in poetry—from words and phrases imitative of a bygone diction or manner, like *quondam*, *methinks*, of yore, the empyreal air, the dimpled surge of darkness, the gray and lucid hour, the gods' ambrosial dalliance, and hundreds more such minor derelictions, to the mortal sin of sacrilegious misuse of a great name and an ancient tradition.

It is strange that the lyric Sappho, whose fame rests upon some thirty magic lines, should have inspired more long-winded poetic palaver than any other poet of history. She whose song was of a poignant brevity is made in this case to utter page after page of such canny talk as this—I quote at hazard, for it's all alike:

When shining day aroused the earth and me I turned me from that roadside home, full-fledged
In Aphrodite. Not the gales of spring,
Dashing the tenuous, frayed clouds high up the sky,
Were plumed with wilder rapture than my heart!
Nor was the earth's red longing for fruition
More hot than mine for Phæon.

I have dwelt at some length upon this book, because it represents a certain tendency which the modern poet should avoid with every fibre of his being and every effort of his art. Mr. — is manifestly a student, and he thinks, like some of his readers and reviewers, that poetry can be made out of old familiar devices—a special jargon, an involved and inverted style, ancient myths and heroes, etc. The result is a smothering of whatever inspiration he started out with—an absolutely artificial product, with neither simplicity, sincerity nor emotion, three qualities indispensable in poetry.

New verse and old are quite alike to "Poetry." It has room for everything that is not just palaver. Even strong and scornful Philistines, with a lifelong record of hooting at the very thought of poetry, have been known to find pleasure in it. The liveliest art in America to-day is poetry, and the liveliest expression of that art is in this little gray-covered Chicago monthly. If you think we are too enthusiastic buy a copy of "Poetry" and correct our estimate.

The Health of the Army

Figures derived from the medical department of our army offer a striking contrast between the old and the new ways of checking preventable diseases. Typhoid fever, a one-time scourge of all large collections of men, has practically ceased to exist in controlled communities. During eight months in 1916, the time of the Spanish-American War, nearly one-seventh of the United States Army was rendered useless by typhoid infection. There were 39,226 cases with 2,192 deaths, out of 147,746 regulars and volunteers. During the year 1915 there were eight cases in the total American army, and during the period between May 1, 1916, and October 8, 1916, Colonel Chamberlain informs us, among 170,000 troops which served in border camps throughout the Southern department and in Mexico there were only twenty-four cases, with no deaths. The medical measures which to-day maintain an army's fighting strength are the sanitation of camps, screening against flies and mosquitoes, ventilation of sleeping quarters and the use of preventive serums and vaccines. All of these are of the utmost military significance, because they insure officers and men for duty, and also because they save time and resources which would otherwise go to transportation and care. The gain in effectiveness becomes readily apparent on comparing the current report of the Surgeon General of the United States Army with the reports running through the last ten years. In 1915 the non-effective rate for the entire army from all causes was 25.22 per 1,000 for disease alone, 20.85, while in 1916 it was 47.86 per 1,000.

Mrs. Brickley Sees It Through

(From The Philadelphia Ledger.) Mrs. Brickley, of Boston, one of whose sons is a Harvard football star, has five sons, four of whom are now working for Uncle Sam in the war, while the fifth is to "do his bit" as soon as he is a little older. This is a way of seeing it through that "Mr. Brickley" came to believe in after he realized that England was actually at war, and it is the way we shall have to see it through over here to the tune of hundreds of thousands of Mrs. Brickleys. That there are such Spartan mothers as Mrs. Brickley and the West Virginia patriot to whom the President wrote the other day proves that there is nothing the matter with the real American strain in this world crisis. Fleming, for instance, comes up strongly with Judge Herr, who has four sons in the service, and the people of the true type are responding nobly, the readiness to make sacrifices marking all sections, which have one thing in common: an abiding love of country and the realization that this love must be expressed in other ways than a mere lip service. It is the "internationalists" who would "carry on government" and "save society" by mere word of mouth, who are the real "men without a country"; but it is the Brickley type that make nations possible and civilization worth while.

For America at War

(From Poetry)

OUR MOTHER POCAHONTAS

Pocahontas' body, lovely as a poplar, sweet as a red haw in November or a pawpaw in May—did she wonder? does she remember—in the dust—in the cool tomb?—CARL SANDBERG.

Pocahontas was conqueror,
Pocahontas was emperor.
He was akin to wolf and bee,
Brother of the hickory tree;
Son of the red lightning stroke
And the lightning-shivered oak.
His panther-grace bloomed in the maid
Who laughed among the winds and played
In excellence of savage pride,
Wooling the forest, open-eyed,
In the springtime,
In Virginia,
Our mother, Pocahontas.

Her skin was rosy copper-red,
And high she held her beautiful head.
Her step was like a rustling leaf,
Her heart a nest untouched of grief.
She dreamed of sons like Pocahontas.
And through her blood the lightning ran.
Love-cries with the birds she sung,
And bird-like in the ivy swung.
The forest, arching low and wide,
Gloried in its Indian bride.
Rolf, that dim adventurer,
Had not come a courtier.
John Rolfe is not our ancestor—
We rise from out the soul of her
Held in native wonderland
While the sun's rays kissed her hand,
In the springtime,
In Virginia,
Our mother, Pocahontas.

II
She heard the forest talking,
Across the sea came walking,
And traced the paths of Daniel Boone,
Then westward chased the painted moon.
She passed with wild young feet
On to Kansas wheat,
On to the miners' West,
The echoing canon's guest;
Then the Pacific sand,
Waking,
Thrilling,
The midnight land . . .

On Adams Street and Jefferson—
Flames coming up from the ground!
On Jackson Street and Washington—
Flames coming up from the ground!
And why, until the dawning sun
Are flames coming up from the ground?
Because, through drowsy Springfield sped
This red-skin queen, with feathered head,
With wind and stars that pay her court,
And leaping beasts that make her sport:
Because gray Europe's rags august
She tramples in the dust;
Because we are her fields of corn;
Because our fires are all reborn
From her bosom's deathless embers,
Flaming as she remembers
The springtime,
In Virginia,
Our mother, Pocahontas.

III
We here renounce our Saxon blood.
To-morrow's hopes, an April flood,
Come roaring in. The newest race
Is born of her resilient grace.
We here renounce our Teuton pride,
Our Norse and Slavic boasts have died,
Italian dreams are swept away,
And Celtic feuds are lost to-day . . .

She sings of lilacs, maples, wheat;
Her own soil sings beneath her feet,
Of springtime
And Virginia,
Our mother, Pocahontas.

NIAGARA

Within the town of Buffalo
Are proxy men with leaden eyes.
Like ants they worry to and fro,
(Important men in Buffalo!)
But only twenty miles away
A deathless glory is at play—
Niagara, Niagara.

The women buy their lace and cry,
"Oh, such a delicate design!"
And over ostentatious sigh,
By counters there in Buffalo.
The children haunt the trinket shops;
They buy false-faces, bells and tops—
Forgetting great Niagara.

Within the town of Buffalo
Are stores with garnets, sapphires, pearls,
Rubies, emeralds aglow,
Opal chains in Buffalo—
Cherished symbols of success.
They value not your rainbow dress,
Niagara, Niagara.

The shaggy meaning of her name—
This Buffalo, this recreant town—
Sharps and lawyers prune and tame.
Few pioneers in Buffalo,
Except young lovers flushed and fleet;
And winds hallooing down the street,
"Niagara, Niagara."

The journalists are sick of ink,
Boys prodigals burnt out with wine
By night where white and red lights blink—
The eyes of Death, in Buffalo.
And only twenty miles away
Are starlight rocks and healing spray—
Niagara, Niagara.

By the quaint market proudly loom
Church walls. Kind altars gleam within,
Confession boxes crowd the gloom,
National fairs in Buffalo.
St. Michael fights the dragon drear;
The stations of the cross are here.
But my church is Niagara.

Above the town a tiny bird,
A shining speck at sleepy dawn,
Forgets the anti-hill so absurd—
This self-important Buffalo.
Descending twenty miles away
He bathes his wings at break of day—
Niagara! Niagara!

What marching men of Buffalo
Flood the streets in rash crusade?
Fools-to-free-the-world, they go,
Princely hearts from Buffalo.
Red tatters of France to-day
Arche, three thousand miles away,
Atchoke of Niagara,
The cataraet Niagara!

MARK TWAIN AND JOAN OF ARC

When Yankee soldiers reach the barricade
Then Joan of Arc gives each the accolade.
For she is there in armor clad to-day,
All the young poets of the wide world say.
Which of our freemen did she greet the first
Seeing him coming against the fires accurst?
Mark Twain, our Chief—with neither smile
Nor jest.
Leading to war our youngest and our best.
The Yankee to King Arthur's court returns.
The sacred flag of Joan above him burns.
For she has called his soul from out the tomb,
And where she stands, there he will stand
Till doom.

But I, I can but mourn, and mourn again
At bloodshed caused by angels, saints and men.
VACHEL LINDSAY.

THE RUSSIAN BEAR



The German—Imagine! We thought we had domesticated him by this time!

—From L'Asino, of Rome.

Melting Pot or Commonwealth?

By Arthur Gleason

When an American preacher from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, came to the London City Temple, the most famous Nonconformist church in the English-speaking world, an "international hymn" was floated. It sings the praise of Great Britain and the United States, calling them "one race of ancient fame, one tongue, one faith."

Mr. Balfour made the same mistake when he said of the United States and England: "We have an Anglo-Saxon patriotism. It cannot be that those whose national roots go down into the same past as our own, who share our language, our literature, our laws, our religion, everything that makes a nation great, and who share in substance our institutions, it cannot be that a time will come when they will feel that they and we have a common duty to perform, a common office to fulfill among the nations of the world."

The fundamental alliance between Great Britain and our country will never be made because of blood-strain. We are not an Anglo-Saxon country. Our alliance consists in similarity of democratic ideals, the possession of free institutions and a common interest in the preservation of economic stability. Mistake No. 1, then, is in thinking that the United States is an Anglo-Saxon nation. That mistake led to a lot of hard feeling through the first two and a half years of war, because English people expected their Anglo-Saxon cousins, one hundred million of them, to rise as one man and join the fray.

Melting Pot a Delusion

The melting pot theory is another popular delusion. The melting pot idea is that the newcomers are brewed into a curious new blend, which is American. I suspect that what is meant is Anglo-Saxon. What is called the American type is the Eastern college boy and prosperous professional man, with an occasional plain, clean-shaven banker—the face that advertises F. and X. collars and the athletic frame that holds up Klammhammer \$25 suits.

That is the "upper class" application of the melting pot. For the "masses" the Russian Jew plunges into the pot, climbs out briskly, and, after a rough towel, stands, cleansed and new-born, an American. To gild the fine gold of his nationality we give him a smattering of education, working papers, a blind-alley job in adolescence and unskilled adult work for a lifetime. The result of it all is that lean, alert, unlined American face, like a composite photograph of the Harvard graduating class, a universally happy and prosperous type, singing with rich emotion:

"Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride."

But is that the result? An American rabbi writes in the "Menorah Journal" for December, 1916:

"My family have found new happiness in a return to things Jewish. A false cosmopolitanism nearly led me to advocate the obliteration of Jewish group lines, but a debate before the Menorah, in which I opposed Zionism, convinced me of the value of religious nationality."

The League of Jewish Youth of America aims to check the "abandonment of Jewish traditions by our young men and women."

The Menorah Association for the re-establishment of the Jewish culture has already spread through forty-five colleges and universities.

Zionism is a world-wide movement, and America is a sharer.

A recent investigator has piled up instances of the recovery of their national tradition among our diverse peoples.

"There is only one thing that can save our people," said a Chicago Croatian, "and that is an education in Crostian nationalism."

"There is one paramount question which every German-American must ask himself," wrote Freiherr Ernst von Holzogen, the dramatist and poet, "Shall I help to hasten the development of this mongrel parasitic cosmopolitanism or shall I work with all my strength against it?"

"The chief thing our people learn in America," said a Vlach, "is Rumanian nationalism. Up in our mountain villages Rumania is very far from us. Here, where all of Rumanian speech are exiles together, Rumania is very near."

Every student of our mixed population has given us evidence of the same yearning to preserve the spiritual inheritance of the old country. Miss Jane Addams, Edward Steiner and Miss Frances Kellor have written books on the subject, based on a lifetime of observation. Let any doubter trace the growth of foreign-language newspapers in our country in recent years. We are caught in the world-movement toward the recovery of that spiritual heritage nationality, and each one of the dispersions in our commonwealth is stirred by that all-potent instinct of nationality. It is time to lay aside our talk about the American melting pot, that Mrs. Harris of the Anglo-Saxon imagination.

The melting pot has been tried before. It was tried for seven hundred years in Ireland. Germany practised it on Schleswig, Poland and Alsace-Lorraine. The melting is done in several ways—by big guns, by industrial steam roller, by religious persecution, by suppression of the language. What it means is anti-Jewish movements, the A. P. A., scorn, oppression, and finally war. Our militarists, our financial oligarchy, all friends of a ruling class and a caste system, are in favor of it. This radical thought, the same sort of radicalism that has been pro-German, is all in favor of the melting pot. These modern futurist thinkers, who scorn nationality and talk about the New America and humanity, favor it, just as they favor many other undemocratic things. What the people really want offends them. The American Jews really want a racial consciousness, a spiritual nationality, and are proving it by their Zionist movement. The American Irish really want a free homeland. Everywhere the nationalities of the world are asserting their right to their own tradition. With peculiar force they are asserting this right in our own country. But to all of this great instinctive stirring of the people our aristocrats, whether radical or Tory, are indifferent. If they are Jews they sneer at Zionism. If they are of English descent they speak of "fellows of the baser sort" when they describe our immigrants from Southern and Southeastern Europe.

Clearest Thinkers Jews

A large group of thinkers in our country are seeing the situation, and have thrown over the Anglo-Saxon rubber stamp, the melting pot and the industrial steam roller. The old patriotic war cries for the nation-state are being laughed out of court. The clearest American thinkers of all are the Jews. Louis Brandeis, Horace Kallen, Walter Lippmann, Dr. Leo Frankel, Professor Felix Frankfurter, Professor Richard Gottlieb, Dr. J. L. Magnes, Professor Max Margolis, Dr. Peretz Mendes, Morris Cohen are a few among the many who are defining our citizenship.

Every aspiration these people have for a separate cultural consciousness is right. The Jew must be encouraged and aided in his noble and wistful desire for the recovery of his ancient home. His Zionism makes him the better American. I must fight for his peace.